CARMEL LIBRARY

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
WEDNESDAY
AUGUST 29 1928
FIVE CENTS

VOLUME I NUMBER 29

Harrison Memorial Library
Box 537

TAXING TO SUPPORT A GIFT

The City Council meeting on Monday evening passed the taxes for the coming year. For general expenses the rate is to be ninety-five cents per hundred dollars: for the Sand Dunes Bonds five cents per hundred; and for the Public Library **thirty cents per hundred dollars.**

Mrs. Harrison gave twenty thousand dollars for a public library, in her will. The guardians of our welfare have distributed it in such a way that it becomes necessary to collect nine thousand dollars the second year of its existence. (The first year four thousand five hundred dollars were raised by taxation.)

And this in a State, one of the few States of the Union, which has a Free County Library System and a remarkable Free State Library which any citizen of Carmel has the right to use.

The Harrison Library is a large well-ventilated building with modern fixtures etc. etc. which the money is going to pay for; how much library **service** could the city have had for the same money? Perhaps we may be allowed to whisper that we thought the purpose of a library was to lend **BOOKS.** We pay rent anyhow for seating-room and light.

The City Planning Commission failed to state what they wanted the $1500 dollars for which they have been demanding, and it was not appropriated them.

SUMMARY OF THE WEEK

The Serra Pageant took up must of the space, bunting and enthusiasm of the Peninsula during the week. Spanish costumes, Indians, sideburns, boy scouts patrolled the streets and Sunday the festivities came to a romantic close at the Carmel Mission where Fray Junipero Serra was and is buried.

The Primary Election took place yesterday for Supervisor of Monterey County, State Senator and Assemblyman and other posts.

A. A. Carruthers received a majority of the votes for Supervisor, Ray C. De Yoe a majority for Assemblyman, no decision between Free and Casserly.

MISSION SAN CARLOS BORROMEO

Woodcut by Helen Bruton.

(We greatly regret that owing to the railway accident last week the x-ray shadowgraph of Paul Dougherty's painting, which Dr. MacDougal refers to in his article on Page two, did not arrive in time for inclusion in this issue. It will appear next week.)

SUN POWER

Thru me sunlight shooting outwardly into the world-darkness—
Thru me warm wholesome love to the hungry-hearted—
Thru me balanced independence to the surf-minded—
Thru me heart strength and endurance to the lost.

From me happiness to the sorrow-laden—
From me courage to the weak-souled—
From me perception to the blinded—
From me expression to the dumb.

Radiance to the world...
Peace to the earth...
Truth to the law...
Love to the folk.

—John Varian.

SEEING THROUGH PAINTINGS

By Dr. D. T. MacDougal

The illustration on page 1 is from an x-ray shadowgraph of a still life by Paul Dougherty the marine painter, and is perhaps the first publication of its kind. X-rays were projected through the picture and the wooden panel on which it was painted making an image in which many important features in the making of the picture are plainly shown.

Our ordinary view of a painting is that of looking into thousands of colored curved mirrors. The light which comes from these mirrors to the eye is not all reflected from the outer hard and definite surface as it would be from polished brass or silver. Some of the waves, notably those in the region of the purple and blue penetrate the first layers of varnish and pigment and may be partly absorbed and partly thrown back; Longer waves near the red may go deeper before being reflected, which gives sense and value to under-painting.

The painter may work as many as a half million shades of color on his palette (Two million are recognisable and are in use in all the arts and manufactures). Think of so many ways of saying something as compared with the small number of words we use in writing or the still smaller number spoken with facility. It is perhaps this richness of resources which gives the artist his superb consciousness of superiority over folks, people and scientists.

When the diversity of opinions as to the value of any picture is recalled it may be readily realized that wide opportunities for controversial discussions are opened when experts are called upon to pass upon the authenticity of "Old Masters." Momentous decisions are made upon the basis of trivial details, and almost any finding as to period or author may be reversed by equally unimportant features of a contested picture. For the student of style may be baffled by surface finish and laid-on work. Any original may have been changed by its author or others, and copies may carry more to the eye than the original.

Within the last few years experts have been employing x-rays, or radiations invisible to the eye, which penetrate wood and canvas as readily as morning sunlight comes through the glass of a window (which it sometimes does in Carmel) in studying old paintings. The information which is secured by this method is understandable by the layman who in consequence reposes more confidence in the decisions based on such facts.

The x-ray shadowgraph from which the illustration was made was secured by placing the picture, which in the original is 14 by 18 inches, directly on a photographic film and projecting the radiations directly through both. Only the molecules or particles of metal in the paints stop the rays and cast a shadow on the plate. The shadow of a wooden rod and of an iron spike in sunlight are not distinguishable. The wooden rod would cast no shadow in hard x-rays while the spike would appear dense. In fact so finely differentiated are these effects that spikes of copper, iron, zinc, lead, gold or silver would throw shadows so much unlike that they might be differentiated in this manner.

An x-ray shadowgraph throws up inexorably every thing that has been done to a picture. Style, tone, strength of design, and clarity of intention may be gauged at a glance. Does the painter change the composition as he works, fill in weak places, stipple, niggle his strokes, stutter or hesitate in any way his indecision will be made apparent. If in terms of writing he should go back and cross out a phrase it would be as apparent as if we saw him do it by television. Then if afterward some one should make changes in the finished canvas it would show up like a new patch on an old coat.

A systematic study of brushwork would doubtless give an identification of author as unmistakable as a finger-print, and forgeries would be as recognizable as imitated handwriting or counterfeited currency. How far such studies may be useful in yielding clues as other values which might be used constructively by the artist is yet to be determined.

People . . .

HUGH FERRIS

With a few exceptions, America is peculiarly weak in architecture, and has, since the time of colonial architecture in New England, and until the period of the sky-scraper and the functional architectural forms of the engineer, had little to contribute to the history of architecture. This is perhaps largely because American professional schools are still teaching that the architecture of the Greeks has never been, and can never be, surpassed; so that American architects are busily imitating styles they have never seen or felt, from civilizations and periods irrelevant to ours,—too timid to produce an architecture of their own. As a crowning absurdity, they build a Greek temple in Washington as a memorial to Abe Lincoln.

A scattered few in this country are alive to the vital implications of architecture. And of these few, Hugh Ferris is one. His imaginative drawings, published in the fashionable art magazines, are important because they stimulate and stretch popular imagination towards a future for American structures. If he sows his seed long enough, our civilization may produce an architect some day.

Hugh Ferris spent last week in Carmel.

THE CARMELITE CALENDAR

AUGUST

29 **"The Last Laugh"**—a film at the Golden Bough Theatre.

30 **"Tommy"**—starts at the Carmel playhouse at 8:30 p.m. Runs 5 nights.

31 **Gala Performance**—The Golden Bough, winding up of the season: 8:30 p.m.

September

1 **Divine Services**—All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science at 11:00 a. m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a. m.

3 **Labor Day**

4 **Sunset School Opens.**

ECONOMICS, JAPAN, THE DANCE

John Bovingdon spent a few days in Carmel last week. He danced privately, at Caroline Blackman's on the ceiling, at Mrs. Blackman's in a pine tree. The spectators were in a delirium of fear lest he fall from the high branch, but he gave an imitation of the treemen of long ago without mishap.

Bovingdon has had an interesting history He came to the dance relatively late. He was in Japan for five years, after he gave up his work as Prof. Carver's Assistant at Harvard. Once the school at which he taught in Tokio went on strike, because, the students said, when they engaged a teacher from America they expected to be told things and not have questions raised in their minds. The manifesto drawn up by the students started off with true Japanese precision: "Whereas this teacher makes us discontented in our minds and takes too much of our thought away from the other lessons."...and ended "When we leave a class we ought to be contented."

From this Keio University, which was a sort of business college, (the invitation to Bovingdon had run: "We are matching the Occident in the Army, in the Navy, in Jurisprudence; now we want to match it in business"), Bovingdon went to take charge of an International School in Japan, at which, in his own words "I taught history backwards." He would start from a Presidential election, say, and trace it back through Greek and Roman times, discussing all the questions that came up en route. This experiment in educational imagination he deemed successful, but his attention was by now on the development of the body and the gymnastic-dance-movement ideas which he adopted, and he came back to America to carry them out.

Mr. and Mrs. Orage have again this week been filling Carmel living rooms with interesting discussions. On Friday they had tea with Dr. and Mrs. H. G. Baynes, and those present to see the sparks fly were Mrs. Robinson Jeffers, Dr. Elizabeth Whitney, Mrs. Lincoln Steffens and Marcella Burke.

Carmel News

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL

When the Sunset School opens next week there will be many changes, both in building and personnel. The Principal's office has been enlarged and improved, oak tables and chairs have been substituted for fixed seats in the third grade, the first grade has been redecorated. Linoleum, new, fresh and bright is down in the kitchen. The first grade have new blocks and the kindergarten a doll.

For the first time the school has a full-time principal. O. W. Bardarson comes from Fresno to take over the reins. There is a full-time music teacher, Miss Elizabeth Ayre, who will propably establish an orchestra; for the first time there is a playground Director, Miss Jean Wallace; and Mr. Ernest Calley will take manual training. The art teacher, Miss Andrews, is leaving. Mr. Bardarson is still at work on details of changes in study.

WHAT WE THINK ORAGE SAID

Mr. Orage's coming has resulted, for a group of us, in the aerating of our minds. As it were, a ploughshare sweeping through them.

The initiation of the process, of course, was shocking when, in order to bring us to a true state of innocence, nescience rather, we were knocked over like ten-pins, our cherished ideals—intuition, imagination, art, religion, soul, consciousness.

Later, we learned that this was but a trick to transform us into that state of little child, from which standpoint all great teachers declare, great things to be possible.

So, for love of him or awe of him, we followed, even tho we were demoralized, in a state of ruin.

We learned that there is no knowledge but personal experience; that the only thing we can know is our bodies; that by careful practice of a certain form of Yogi discipline, we shall not only balance and better the working of our threefold nature, but at the same time, shall develop a new function, integrated from above and below, a producing together, by simultaneous evolution and involution a new entity. Call it Soul!

So, Here we are! Launched upon the creation of a soul! which to start with, Mr. Orage declared we were without.

He, with Pythagoras, Buddha, his friends, Ouspensky and Gurdieff, declares this practice of awareness of our bodies to be The Only Way.

We are interested to learn it. We shall practice it for a time. Some of us, perhaps, for a long time; some of us, until we have proved to our blessing, the truth of the efficiency of the method.

Too secure the Master seems, as is a way of growth, confirmed, dogmatic! **The Only Way!** Nature, Spirit, are too infinitely ingenious to allow us only one man-made way to the attainment of her next step.

What in man makes him say, again and again, Only so may you have life eternal. Only so shall you be saved from damnation?

I think the master has indulged what he calls our excess of idealism, by long delightful wanderings in fields perhaps better avoided, when the practice of the method is the subject at issue. Perhaps it is a matter not calling for much discussion, chiefly a matter for action, the a-b-c of action, too, which makes for the difficulty he constantly predicts. What more difficult than for us to become like little children, than for us to become amoral beings, and observe with our aloof I-s, and without judgment, our busy Me-s.

—Carrie Horton Blackman.

* * * *

Orage is a practical man, with an ideal. This Ideal is "a better Man."

A great number of his statements are too startling to appear in print without his logic appended, for which a short article does not offer space.

He is trying to transmit to my mind methods, whereby I can transform myself from a wishing man to a man, that wills. —From a man of beliefs, to a man that knows, from a man dreaming of Heaven, to a man conscious of the wonders of the universal laws NOW.

If I am personally willing to make the effort, he guarantees, "A willing, conscious awareness every second of my life." And logic from my own experiences in every day life, proves that his statements are true.

—John Bathen.

* * * *

Personally I am indebted to him for much stimulation by irritation, and for having added to the fun I get out of thinking I think.

—G. B.

Mr. Orage left behind, when he went to San Francisco, a list of books for further reading on the scientific and other approaches to his system. This is the list:

Troland: The Mystery of mind
Hinton: Scientific Romances
Edited by Woodward: Some Sayings of the Buddha
Courtney: Beyond Behaviorism
Ibsen: Peer Gynt
Collins: Light on the path
Schure: Great Initiates (Pythagoras)
* Santayana: The Realm of Esscence
* Alexander: Time, Space and Deity
Bhagavad Gita.
* (very difficult)

Others were mentioned in our issue of August 22, page nine.

On Aug. 27th Miss Mildred Haefler of San Francisco was married to Nicholas Stevens of the same city by the Rev. I. M. Terwilliger at Carmel.

Personal Bits . .

Miss Helen Field, who is to take up the new Chair of Elementary Education at the University of Alabama this fall, led a very interesting discussion of children's problems and educational theories at the Steffens' home last week. Prof. Bentley, Head of the Junior College at Salinas, came over to be present, and the other participants were: Mr. and Mrs. John Martin of Monterey, Mrs. Gertrude Tooker, Mrs. Julia Breinig, Mrs. Pauline Schindler and Mrs. Helen Deusner, President of the Carmel P. T. A.

Prof. Tyrrell Williams, Prof. of Law at Washington University, St. Louis, and brother of Jesse Lynch Williams, is in Carmel for a few days.

Dr. and Mrs. S. Simmons of Sacramento have been staying at Del Monte for a few days.

The jungle was simply seething with lions on Saturday afternoon at the Blackman's. Not only were Mr. and Mrs. Orage there, —although philosophy was for the moment in abeyance,—but also Fred Scott, tenor, who sang negro spirituals; John Bovingdon, who danced a dance upon the branches of a pine tree high above the house-roof; Dr. Schwab of St. Louis, eminent neurologist; and Horace Swope, art connoisseur.

Kingly jungle-beasts of Carmel were also present; and it was again to be noted with delight how brilliant a group can be found to foregather in how small a town, for tea and the conversation which constitutes the play of a polite civilization.

Miss Wilhelmina Harper, who conducts the Children's Story Hour in the Public Library, has left Carmel for a few weeks.

Miss Anne Haddon, Librarian of the County Library at Salinas, and authority on early California history, was in Carmel over the week-end.

Marcella Burke was on a picnic up the Valley last Sunday. On the way home she had a puncture. Then all got out, and prepared to replace it by one of the two perfectly good new spares that were screwed on the back. But behold! The tires were locked; they had been locked by the Insurance company; and Marcella had no key. So she had to leave car and puncture and tires alone by the wayside and come home in the next passer-by's car.

In honor of, and as a farewell to, Morris Ankrum, Hazel Watrous and Dene Denny etertained the cast of all five plays which Mr. Ankrum produced here this summer, following "Dark Haven" on Saturday night. Dene Denny played old songs softly, and Charles MacGrath presented to an admiring world Houghton Furlong, on the occasion of his twenty-first birthday. It was one of the most successful parties Carmel has had, with "mirth, and song, and jollity!"

A SEAMAN IN OUR PORT

Andrew Furruseth, ancient mariner, appeared in Carmel last week and passed on to his interminable job of fighting for the cause of Labor and Man. His kind, strong face is as beautiful as a battlefield, which it resembles: all cut up and scarred, not regularly by a plough, but by shells and gas and "tops." He is the head of the International Seamen, the author and lobbyist of all the acts of Congress that are gradually lifting seamen out of the picturesque but terrible slavery of the ships. He and Bob La Follette put over those laws and made the freedom of American ports liberate foreign sailors too. Years and years this fine old Norwegian seaman has been at this fight which will take all the years left of his life to—no, not finish—to carry on. To pass on to younger men.

He started the struggle as a young man. He shipped as a boy on a Norwegian ship to see the world and, when he came to the Port of London, he was not allowed to go ashore; he might desert, so he could not see "the Tower of London." He tried a German ship next cruise and again he saw a foreign harbor, but not the Pyramids.

He shipped in the ships of the nations, one by one. "Sailors" he learned and said. "sail round and round the world and never see it." And then he added "By God, we seamen shall see the world: we shall see the lands we sail for as well as the sea. Sailors shall be at least as free as other workers."

He began here, in America, in San Francisco, where he organized the impossible sailors, he "joined them up" and in Seattle, in New York, in all the ports of the world. He used to appear during the war in Paris, in London and Norway and again during the peace-making, he came and went on his mission, all around the world, just as he did in Carmel the other day—looking out for the seamen and their hopes. He is stationed now at Washington, where he watches congressmen in the sessions and later, when there are elections on, goes forth to tell Labor how their congressmen voted—on Labor and Seamen's bills. He is reporting now against Congressman Free, quietly, explicitly, briefly. "Vote for Mrs. Casserly," he told us.

He doesn't know much about her. "She is intelligent. I asked her what she was doing about Tammany" he said, "and she answered me that."

"I am hiding Tammany behind Teapot Dome," she said.

But Mrs. Casserly doesn't matter to the Seamen, to Labor. They will take up her case when she comes up for reelection next time; when Andy Furruseth will have her record of votes to report upon and judge her by. His present job is to beat Free.

And so, slowly, against the odds, this ancient mariner labors persistently, like the employer—always on the job. Nothing can stop or turn him. He cannot be hurt. Fremont Older tells a story of Andy's early struggles. There was a strike on the water-front and the employers applied the usual methods of sending in scabs and the police. They were going to "get" Andy Furruseth on a trumped-up charge, good enough to jail him for the duration of the fight—perhaps forever. Older was shocked at the thought of prison, not Furruseth; he did not want to be taken out of the strike, but he did not mind prison. Older asked him why. "Well," said Furruseth "they can lock me up in their awful prison, but I am prepared for them. They cannot put me in a smaller room than I always have lived in, they cannot give me simpler fare than I have always lived on, and—they cannot make me lonelier than I have always been."

On the side of Labor are all sorts of men, just as there are all sorts of men everywhere. There are honest dubs and cunning fools, crooks and traitors, self-seekers, climbers, successes, but here and there, now and then you come across wise, sweet, true and hard men, like old Andy Furruseth, a poet of deeds, a saint for service, a warrior respected by his enemies.

* * * *

In knocking around the world with his wits awake Andrew Furruseth has made some shrewd observations. Here are a few.

"I don't care any more what men say; I quit that long ago. Now I see what they do."

* * * *

"The International Labor Office at Geneva is a smoke screen to keep the working men of the world asleep while the fat man operates on him."

* * * *

"I wanted merely to give seamen the same freedom as other human beings have got. And I can recognize shackles at a distance. Men who have suffered physical assault on their freedom as the seamen have and as I have know what freedom is."

The coarse, short-sighted human view would certainly have been that the baby deserved to live—if only for the extraordinarily beautiful dimples in his little behind.

—Stella Benson, "Goodbye, Stranger."

Peace is all right so long as you don't oppose war

Do what you like, or you will like what you do. —George Bernard Shaw.

The criminal is the scapegoat of society; he pays for the sins they would like to commit. —Dr. Peter Baynes.

"Why, just think about yourselves, ladies and gentlemen. Look around at each other. I do not want to be uncomplimentary—but can you conceive God creating you if he could have created anything better?" —George Bernard Shaw.

ANOTHER ABALONE LEAGUE COMEDY

"TOMMY"

starts tomorrow!

Carmel Playhouse

GOLDEN STATE THEATRE

Telephone: MONTEREY 1500

Wednesday, Aug. 29
LOIS MORAN IN
"DON'T MARRY"

Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 30 and 31
JOHN GILBERT in
"THE COSSACKS"

Saturday Sept. 1
"BUCK PRIVATES"
starring Lya de Putti and Malcolm McGregor

Sunday, Sept. 2
GEORGE O'BRIEN in
"HONOR BOUND"
On the Stage Return of
ROMIG AND DAVIS MUSICAL COMEDY COMPANY

Monday, Sept. 3
WILLIAM HAINES in
"WEST POINT"

Tuesday, Sept. 4
RIN TIN TIN in
"THE RACE FOR LIFE"

E. C. HOPKINS AT THE ORGAN

Woodside Library
A Circulating Library of Worth While Books
Dora Hagemeyer
Monte Verde near Ocean Avenue

The Theatre . . .

DARK HAVEN

A World Premiere in Carmel.

After much reading of manuscripts by the population of Carmel, the result of the Theatre of The Golden Bough contest for the best play by a California writer emerged full-blown last Thursday night on the stage of that unique and beautiful playhouse.

The winning play, "DARK HAVEN," by Anne Murray of Los Angeles, is interesting psychologically rather than theatrically. Miss Murray has taken a hackneyed subject, the drabness of farm life, and for the most part, a time-worn set of types. There is Hannie Podgers, the dull-witted though lovable farmhand, Anut Lu, the sharp tongued, clear visioned old kitchen drudge, David Merrick, the religious fanatic, Rena, his lovely young wife, romantic though suppressed; her father, Truman Thayer, the atheist, cynical, mocking, hard as a rock, Frank Neville, another hired man, an erudite vagabond from the outside world, bringing lightness and joy to a dreary household, and Cora Simpson, the meddling and sentimental spinster. This group she has set in a not particularly original plot. Need we say that Rena falls in love with the Prince charming, or that he has planned taking her out of all this to freedom? The modern note lies in their elopement being foiled by fate in the guise of a storm in which Neville is drowned on Lake Ontario, and in the fact that the athiest and the fundamentalist are, in reality, brothers under the skin.

Despite these handicaps, so true is her dialogue, so finely drawn are all her characters, that in Miss Murray's understanding hands "DARK HAVEN" becomes finely human drama, vibrant with life, playing upon the sympathies without resort to theatrical trickery, a worthy winner of the prize.

To this difficult work, Director Morris Ankrum has given a production of which any author may well be proud. The performance is swiftly moving, beautifully conceived, with a professional finish throughout. And this despite a mere ten days rehearsal, with eleventh hour changes in two leading parts.

Jadwiga Noskowiak's Rena is a performance rich in beauty of voice, rightness in gesture and inflection. She brings to the role an ethereal quality. Rena's brief love scene with Neville; with David and her father, at first like a lovely, frightened wild bird, then tempestuous, as in righteous fury she turns on them for blasting her life; her tenderness with poor Hannie. All this and more Miss Noskowiak portrays with subtle transitions and fine understanding.

Jumping into the long part of David two days before the opening, Morris Ankrum again proves himself as fine an actor as he is a director. Unbending in his fanaticism, groping painfully in his desire to show some tenderness toward his young wife, hating yet fearing his father-in-law; these varying moods are shaded with rare artistry by Ankrum.

To the part of Truman, mocking, smugly complacent in his atheism, grim and relentless in his lordship, cringing only before the fear of Rena's heritage, Elliott Durham brought a rich voice, a fine feeling for character study, and a most excellent make up.

Houghton Furlong, another last minute addition to the cast, played Neville with underlying psychology, so convincing her boyish charm (though perhaps a bit too much reticence, for so obviously exuberant a hobo.) Though romantically handsome, he seemed a bit juvenile to have wandered several years about Europe, the United States and Canada.

Kissam Johnson played Aunt Lu with zest and evident relish. The conviction with which she uttered that caustic lady's sharp edged comments aroused the pleasing emotion of recognition in the audience, and brought many a laugh.

Tommi Thomson's Cora Simpson was admirable. She made the fore-ordained spinster pathetically human and accomplished the difficult feat of gaining sympathy for a most irritating trouble-maker. Her fine sense of comedy showed to excellent advantage.

As the not quite bright Hannie Podgers, Roger Sturtevant proved a revelation to his admirers. His was a beautiful performance, arousing pity as well as laughter.

The setting and costumes of Hazel Watrous were authentically of the period down to the most minute detail. The lighting too was very effective.

—N. B.

THE NEXT ABALONE LEAGUE COMEDY, "TOMMY"

Another score is anticipated tomorrow night when the Abalone League presents "Tommy," a comedy. Comedies have proved the Abalone League's forte and Carmel's choice of entertainment.

"Tommy" is an intimate, light-hearted comedy, very human and very amusing. Obstacles give the play flavor, because no one cares about the real difficulties of getting married when they go to see a comedy.

As Uncle Dave, Dick Masten has one of the most important roles in the play. Uncle Dave is a man of very evident wisdom and his strongest affection in life is for Marie. Dick is convincing in these fatherly roles.

One of the leading Abalone ingenues, Hildreth Masten, has the part of Marie and because of her charm and vivacity she will make much of the role.

Jimmy Dignan is Tommy. He is acquiring an easy stage presence, has a good appearance on the stage, and will give a positive character to the part.

The other leading juvenile role, that of Bernard, brings Fletcher Dutton into greater prominence. He has appeared in various Forest Theater productions.

In character leads also are Marion Todd and Charlie McGrath. Marion has a very amusing role, as Mrs. Therber, Marie's mother. She enters into the part heartily. Charlie McGrath has come into prominence by his work in "To The Ladies," recently presented at the Golden Bough. His part is amusing and well handled. Smaller roles are undertaken by Bonnie Gottfried and Bert Uzzell, both active Abalone League workers.

Louise Walcott is directing.

THEATRE GUILD OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH
Presents

THE GOLDEN BOW-WOWS

IN A

GALLOPING GALA SHOW
DIRECTED BY ARTHUR CYRIL

MUSIC :: FUN :: GIRLS :: FROLIC
GRAND VARIETY SHOW WITH GALAXY OF STARS

$1.00 ONE NIGHT ONLY $1.50
FRIDAY, AUGUST 31, 8:30 P. M.

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL - BY - THE - SEA
CALIFORNIA

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Editorials . . .

HAVE A SOUL—

Visitors speak of Carmel as "a cool, quiet place where one can work" and we listen, of course, and no doubt our faces, look cool and quiet, but our minds—or something the tourist does not observe and perhaps does not suspect even the existence of—our three cerebral centers are laboring all the while at such a rate of speed and with such a din that we can hardly hear ourselves think. But we do think and what we think is—no, wait.

What we thought was that Carmel was a quiet, shady place where we could work. No poor to patronize, no labor to help organize and get out of gaol, no wrongs to right, no rascals to vote against and then get in with, no reforms to start and stop, no wars to fight against and with, no theatres, clubs, sports, churches and lectures to go to, no prophets to let come and plough up our brains.

Other places where we had lived had all these preoccupations and we were preoccupied with them. Sure. We are socially minded, educated and morally-worded. We know what duty is. When the erring world calls to us to come and save it from itself, we come, we bend our backs and—many's the time we have borne the whole weight of the universe all alone (except for the other idealists who carry it all alone). True, in those other places—San Francisco, Paris, New York, Geneva—in the other world-centers there are so many calls and so many other people that would rather mind the world's business than their own—well, you know, in the big cities there are hidden corners where you can sneak off now and then and plead that you were busy with some other theatre or some other reform. You can actually, on occasion, stop thinking and supporting in order to play and work. You can, but you don't, not often.

It was, then, a joy to discover this snug little, quiet backward community called Carmel where you could work. We looked it over and under, met some of the people, and saw, as the tourist sees, no sign of thought, haste, responsibility; we listened and heard no such words as progress, duty, enterprise, improvements, politics, business or reforms. Nothing but art and manuscripts. All our trained cunning in research applied assured us that Carmel was not a live community; the blessed place was indeed the picturesque grave-yard of the picturesque, unconscious dead that we were looking and longing for. We moved in, died, were buried and, in waking moments, felt that we were gone to heaven. So we thought, happily. Then—

One evening, just for fun, we stumbled up town with an earthly eye out for an adventure, a bust, and we came, sure enough, upon a theatre with a park of autos outside and a crowd going in. Taking a chance we flowed in with the stream—just for fun, remember, and it was fun, a pretty good show. Between the acts, however, we learned from our neighbors that we had come there, like them, not to enjoy ourselves, but to support the theatre, encourage art and save the future of the drama. Yes, and there were two other theatres to sustain. Pretty soon there were lectures to give; which was not so bad, but there were lectures to hear too and courses of them to support. There were poets and painters, dancers and photographers and children—no, not to play with (as they prefer) but conscientiously and regularly to boost or to influence or to bring up. And there were Causes, world causes and local: there was the same next war that we had had in the other world centers to oppose (at least till it was declared) or to prepare for; there were schools; there was a dump by the river; a dirty beach; and there was a tree that some mean progressive spirits of improvement proposed to root up out of the middle of some street and it was our duty to run forth and ring around and uphold that tree. But, worst of all, there were the tourists and the prophets, droves of them and, worse still, most of them visitors or messengers with messages you had to, wanted to, see or hear. That which is said of the sidewalk seats outside the Cafe de la Paix can be said of Carmel:

"Sit there long enough and you will see everybody in the whole world." So now, when everybody comes and says to us that Carmel is a cool, quiet place where a fellow can work we think—we neve say it; it is our civic duty to boost and not knock—but under our cold, quiet exterior we think in the din of conflicting hot thoughts that Carmel is the livest, busiest, most intellectual, most enterprising responsible metropolis in the world and its rivals, New York, Paris, London and the others we think of and long for as calm places where you can rest and work and play.

* * * *

Among the vsitors to Carmel this (social) season was a man who said that we could have a soul. The implication of his assurance was so plain that some Carmelites started awake to ask if we did not already have a soul and his simple answer was one simple word: "No." He went on for a couple of weeks to take away from an ever-increasing audience our Hope, Faith, Liberty, Will, Mind—all our illusions. The only gifts he left us were two we didn't care anything about, our brains and our body; indeed he gave us three brains instead of one. But our body, he said, which included our brains, was a mere machine that ran us and our thought. At another time he called us skinfuls of chemicals. And—we—Carmelites, remember, who won't allow a tree to be cut down—we let this agitator from London, New York and Fontainebleau—cut down or off every single thing that is beautiful in us. He ploughed us deep; we came back for more and he harrowed us again and again; and we were sown with the seed and—But the crop isn't showing yet.

* * * *

Before this man, came a dancer and you might think that he danced. Not at all. He climbed a tree—one of our noblest trees—and he did not dance; not merely; he did things with his body which were really the symbol of a New Life, a new philosophy. My! how that man could dance and how we thought and thought about it.

* * * *

But you are not to think that anybody can plough up Carmel and reap us. A. R. Orage, the man that carried off our souls, etc. is an extraordinary man. He is, in the last place, the most eloquent orator we have ever heard. One proof of this is that, of all the things said about him, no one spoke of his art as an orator; it was hardly noticeable. He sat in an easy chair, smoking cigarettes by the pack, making few gestures, never raising his voice, which he modulated perfectly to his fell purposes. He arranged his statements to hold his hearers interested in bare facts and close logic for three and five hours at a sitting. Graceful, self-possessed, self-conscious, purposeful, he was illustrating every second what he was saying.

* * * *

He was saying that all there is of us now is our bodily machine and all we can know we learn through its senses. It is imperfect; therefore it colors and transforms what we take in from the outside world and what we see of ourselves. But it is possible to know this body of ours as we know anybody else. By quietly watching what it does we can become conscious of it: aware of the tone of its voice, its gestures, movements, postures, etc. and, when we are onto ourselves as we are onto our neighbors, we will—we should not try to, but we cannot but—correct our observations and be able better to

report the world and know ourselves. It is a new, it is "the only way" to advance our knowledge and to achieve that self-possession which A. R. Orage, the orator (does not say he has but) manifestly has. But the supreme gain promised for this method or exercise is the practice itself, the awareness.

* * * *

Since we have no will now, but only wishes and energy, we may by fixing the attention upon what our bodies do—without particularly wishing to—we might release the I consciously from the body and gradually exercise will. The power to look at our bodies thus exists. The development of it, first on our tone of voice, gestures, etc. then upon our selves as a whole, may be the beginning of the soul—maybe.

* * * *

This is not hope, you understand; it is a plan for experimentation upon one's self. It calls for no belief; Mr. Orage asked us not to believe him, but to take his theory into the chemical laboratories that our bodies are, and try it on.

* * * *

Which is all very fine. There is something in it, as we know who have made a few tests. But, to return upon ourselves, the questions put to the prophet and the other questions that appeared, suppressed, in the tone of voice, in the facial expressions, in the anxious gestures, the beseeching postures and the motionlessness of the audience, all go to show that Carmel is not a cool quiet place where you can work.

—L. S.

Correspondence

Editor, Carmelite:

Your issue of July 25 states that "a Christian Scientist was asked why it was that after practitioners had been 'in Science' long, they seemed to lose some or all of their power to heal." The alleged Christian Scientist is quoted as having replied: "It's because in the white heat of their conversion they really believe in the spirit of their creed. . . . When they have been in longer the warm enthusiasm turns to cold dogma, . . ." Evidently the person making this statement was not a Christian Scientist. Manifestly, he must have been an opponent of Christian Science.

There is nothing in the teaching or practice of Christian Science to engender emotionalism, and its adherents have not been attracted through an emotional impulse, as the critic would infer by the phrase, "the white heat of conversion." Ordinarily its followers have been attracted to this religion because they found its teaching to be demonstrable. Frequently Christian Science has been accepted only after critical investigation of its teaching and practice.

Honest investigators and those who are familiar with the activities of Christian Science are aware that the healing work of this religion is going on without abatement throughout the world in an ever widening circle; and as a matter of fact, those teachers and practitioners who have been longest in its service are contributing largely to this result. Every one familiar with Christian Science knows that the Christian Science practioner is continually increasing his understanding of God and adding to his spiritual equipment, all of which necessarily increases the effectiveness of his work.

Edgar McLeod

Christian Science Committee on Publication for Northern California.

166 Geary Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Dated: August 22, 1928.

(The man we quoted is a Christian Scientist, a very wise one, well read in modern science and thought, and a celebrated healer, because he thinks (and we think) he has not been hardened into the organization of the Church he belongs to. He bemoans the way his religion is following in the footsteps of all the other faiths, from the Catholics on, but he himself follows Mrs. Eddy faithfully, too closely we think, using his scholarship and reflections only to interpret her and to keep alive his belief and his healing powers. He is not emotional, he is merely very sure and wise, and so he can perform miracles on his people and help restore other practitioners from whom the power has gone out. (Doctors have experience of Christian Scientists who come to them in secret and beg them to cure them, on the plea that they have lost the power themselves.)

We are sorry we cannot name the fine man we speak of; to name him might get him into trouble with his Church.

—The Editor).

THE COMING OF ADOLESCENCE

(1) When I was a child I thought as a child, I saw as a child, I did as a child, but when I became a man I put away childish things.

(2) The child is father to the man.

Here we have two old sayings in apparent contradiction. The first implies that childhood and manhood are each sufficient unto themselves and have nothing in common. The second implies that man learns from youth. He can if he will, but sad to reflect, most adults put aside the thoughts of childhood.

My daughter, age 13 came to me for help with questions which troubled her unduly. They were a source of worry and even fear, not because she could not answer them but because she had a feeling that it was somehow unhealthy to entertain such thoughts at all. They just came cropping up uninvited, she said, and she could not find answers. She was greatly relieved when I assured her it was not unusual at her age to begin to wonder about the world outside our immediate sensory impressions; I, myself had passed through just such a stage. The questions are, indeed, not always answerable. They become themes for poets and philosophers. I asked her to write down some of these questions. Here they are for you to deal with. She entitled them herself:

THOUGHTS

I wonder what you would come to if you went beyond? Beyond whatever is beyond the sky. There has got to be an end to everything and when the sky ends, if it does, what's beyond that end. I think I must be crazy, or else everyone else is. Because there must be an understanding. Maybe everyone is off on the wrong track.

Why are we put on the earth? To die? Maybe when we die we find out that we were crazy.

Now I feel myself going down, down, until everything loses shape before me. Nothing that I can see means anything to me. I'm just here by myself. A terrible fear seems to take me. I cannot seem to connect my mind with my body. I want to cry out, but I can't seem to make myself do it. If I did then people would know I am crazy. I do not think of this last sentence until I have come out of this trance, because when I am in it, it seems that every one is just a meaningless thing, like a pollywog that just wiggles and wiggles, never gets anywhere, or does anything but wiggle. That's what other people seem like to me when I am in this trance that seems to overcome me every time I let my thoughts wander. I can look at any part of my body. I just think, what's that and what does it mean to me? If I were in a different shape would I be in the same mind? Then after I have been in this trance a little while I slowly come out till I can understand a little better. And then I often think maybe what I see before me may look entirely different to someone else. Maybe what I see as a house looks different to everyone else that looks at it. It is proven that everyones mind is different or else why would some people like some things and other people others. What red looks like to me may not be a color at all to someone else, only the person that tells us makes us think that other people see it the same.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THE CARMELITE

It's a very readable little sheet. I didn't think it would be at first, but it has turned out well.

* * * *

"I want to thank you for failing to send me last week's issue, for it reminded me that I have not sent in my new subscription. Life in Carmel would be quite unbearable without your valuable publication. —J. . . . L. . . . W. . . .

Peter's Paragraphs

Last Saturday afternoon and night, for instance, did it rain or was that soaking precipitation something else, fog, say, or mist? It would take an expert to decide and what would his test be? What the flowers say about it? Did they get enough for one good drink? Anyhow if it had occured up in the hills where our forests are burning away, that mist or rain would have put out the fires.

* * * *

Once when we were driving down from Mount Hamilton into San Jose we passed through a cloud of fog so heavy that great drops of water as large as silver dollars fell upon the car, scores of them, and they splashed upon our thought the idea that if, whatever it was that precipitated those forty or eighty drops could be increased a little, it might have rained, really—rained, that summer in Santa Clara Valley. We should be able to make rain where the air is so saturated.

* * * *

We must make rain in summer in California or we won't have much in winter either. At the present rate of the burning of the forests this state will become in time a desert like the other places where Man has done his best: Greece, Spain, Egypt, Mesopotamia. Of course we might keep people out of the forests, but it would be easier and better politics to make rain.

* * * *

Some tribes of Indians did it, they say. But we are killing off the Indians, with kindness, true; but they are dying.

* * * *

A western capitalist, calling on his bankers in Wall Street, reproached them with the stock boom of the last year. "You told me to sell out last fall, and I did, and then came this bull campaign and not a word from you. My money has been lying here with you, idle, while millions have been made and I didn't make a million, not a single million."

The banker looked sadly at the client and answered softly: "Neither did we make anything. We are not in it, we don't understand it ourselves."

* * * *

This is another sign that the control has passed, however temporarily, from the financiers to the Industrialists who are for mergers, prosperity and stock profits. Still another is the drift of Republican magnates, like Raskob, and James to Smith for President. And in that connection it is noticeable that the Southern Pacific Railroad people are talking about a merger of all the western roads, which would be difficult under the Coolidge interpretation of the laws against trusts. This talk is open in the newspapers which report in another column that the James crowd have got or are getting the stock control of the Western Railroads. And in a third column we read that this same James has gone over to Smith! Is Raskob telling his pals that a Democratic president will be more liberal to the trust makers?

* * * *

Some times it is more fun to sit off and read the news than it is to get and write it. It releases the imagination and broadens the view.

* * * *

All of which recalls the great, little corporation attorney, James B. Dill, who invented the New Jersey corporations to allow the combinations of competing businesses into trusts. He said to the writer that he studied the crimes businessmen wanted to commit and did commit and then went to the legislature and passed laws to permit them. And he laughed, and he was not a cynic; he had a philosophy, which we may elaborate some day.

We clip the following from the Peninsula Daily Herald:

DRISCOLL HANGED
AT SAN QUENTIN

San Quentin Prison, Cal.—Mark Dowell, 24, was executed here today for the murder in San Francisco, June 26, 1927, of J. J. Driscoll, a policeman. A last minute attempt by his mother to save his life was fruitless. The trap was sprung at 10:05 a.m., and Dowell was pronounced dead at 10:19. Six San Francisco policemen fainted.

We are filled with misgivings. What makes six policemen faint? Policemen have witnessed executions without fainting.

The man killed a policeman.

There is a misprint in the heading.

We know policemen engineer frame-ups.

In New York, whenever an attack was made on a policeman, for weeks after bodies would be picked up in the East River—bodies of men who were known to belong to the gang who murdered or attacked the policeman.

A phychoanalyst might explain the misprint.

The Youngest Set

Harry Leon Wilson Jr. and his sister Helen went to San Francisco last Sunday to visit their father. Helen goes to New York shortly to be with her mother.

* * * *

Children are natural Hemingways.

Stanley had a cold and had to stay upstairs. Said he to his mother: "Mother, will you stay here?"

"I can't, Stan, I've got to go to my study."

"Well, can I come to your study?"

"No, its too cold."

"Well then shut the window of it and shut the door of it and shut the other window of it and then it don't be cold."

* * * *

John Martin was playing with a little girl next door. She was a few years younger than John. In the middle of their play an altercation arose.

"Don't you realize you're a minor?" asked John, "and that if you aren't awful careful you'll soon go home with minor injuries?"

* * * *

The Head of the School was writing out children's reports. (And very humiliating reports they are, for a mother to receive, too. "John ate two heaping tablespoons of rice and one of spinach." Can you achieve that when John eats at home?)

Anyway, she was writing the reports and her small son of 4 watched her.

"Mother, you are lazy." he said finally. "Lazy! But I have hardly looked up since the last child went home."

"But what are you doing, Mother?"

"Why, I'm writing reports."

"Well then, Mother, you're lazy."

"But that's not lazy, when I'm working all the time."

"But, Mother it is. You never use a hammer."

* * * *

Ximena de Angulo (10) would like a correction made. We stated in this column that she came from England via the Northern Pacific; but she didn't. She came from Switzerland via the Canadian Pacific "I was furious," says Ximena "because, you see, if you say I came from England, people will think I am English; and I'm not."

The Englishwoman, who asked a New York Editor whether if he had the chance to be English instead of American he wouldn't seize it with gratitude, please note.

* * * *

New language: Applecots (apricots), warmbother (umbrella).
Grabbel (gravel.)

* * * *

"Sidey is sideways, upside over is upside down."

WHAT ORAGE SAYS

When life fails, art becomes necessary.

* * * *

The moment a virtue becomes a habit it is a vice.

* * * *

Greek drama was a culture instrument before it was written down.

* * * *

Art is a complement of life.

* * * *

The human being is a three-part animal.

* * * *

We as human beings are what we are.

* * * *

We can't command emotion.

* * * *

Idealism is a form of self-indulgent dream.

* * * *

A posture is a solidified jelly.

World News . . .

Hartnell Lockridge

Premier Poincare celebrated his return to work after his first vacation in eight years by announcing to his cabinet the re-opening of Franco-American debt negotiations some time this fall.

The signing of the Kellogg peace pact is counted on to provide a more sympathetic background for the discussion of France's debt to the United States than has heretofore existed.

* * * *

Many attempts have been made to persuade Mr. Kipling to write film scenarios, but he has always fought shy. The British Empire Marketing Board has now succeeded where enterprising Directors have failed. Mr. Kipling has consented to supervise a picture which the Board is preparing as part of its propaganda. It will deal in a dramatic way with Empire relations—a vague phrase, but Mr. Kipling may be trusted to see that the result is something vivid and arresting.

* * * *

The draft of a new criminal law authorizing judges to exempt from punishment persons accused of expediting the death of sufferers from incurable diseases has been prepared by a committee of scientists appointed by the government of Czechoslovakia.

The government contemplates using the draft as basis for a legislative measure. Judges would be permitted to reduce the punishment or grant total exemption as they see fit.

* * * *

Cooking by radio is hailed as a common event of the future, according to recent results of experiments conducted by the General Electric Company to test the heat effects of short wave radio.

Working with short wave lengths of six to ten meters, sausages were fried by letting the waves pass through them. There was no actual heat involved at all, the sausages were simply hung between two plates, between which the heatless and invisible short wave lengths passed.

Think of the possibilities of having a radio burst forth into symphonic rhapsodies while simultaneously cooking the humble corn beef and cabbage!

* * * *

The Kellogg-Briand renunciation-of-war treaty was signed on August 27 by the plenipotentiaries of fifteen nations. Dr. Stresemann, the German foreign minister, was the first to sign the treaty, being followed by Secretary Kellogg.

The magnitude of the act was enhanced by the simplicity of the ceremony arranged, no flights of oratory dimming its impressiveness.

The Paris newspapers were particularly warm in welcoming Stresemann, who made the arduous trip in spite of the advice of his physician. Le Journal commends Stresemann's coming in face of resistance from Nationalist circles, and adds, "This representative of a nation which for generations has been the prototype of aggressive militarism is the first to consecrate renunciation of brute force.

* * * *

The speaker of the national assembly of Albania, which is sitting at Tirana, announced recently that the transfer of Albania from a republic into a monarchy will take place this Saturday and Sunday.

This is a week later than the coronation ceremony was to have been; other festivities are planned in connection with the naming of the president as king.

It is interesting to note that a primitive country like Albania has found democracy a practical failure, and finds it necessary to revert to a monarchy. Another question, is a republic possible without intelligent people?

SCREECH-OWL

The Englishman sat suddenly bolt upright. "My word!" he gasped, "What was that?"

"It's an owl," answered the guide.

"Yes, I know jolly well it was an 'owl," returned the Briton; "But what in 'eaven's name was 'owlin'?"

The screech-owl is like that—fit to make the short hairs jump right off the back of your neck. Though it is one of the smallest of the owls, it has one of the most potent of owl voices, and unlike its usually silent brethern is given to vocal exercises for long stretches—half the night on end, it often seems to exasperated would-be sleepers.

Why it was ever christened the screech-owl, though, must remain a mystery. It doesn't screech. There really isn't a proper English word for its quavering, shivering, mournful ululation. A sort of prolonged, half-sobbing bleat, is about the best characterization one can think of, and that doesn't do the sound justice. Dante didn't know the screech-owl. If he had known it, he would have had a row of them perched on the sign-board that directed incoming traffic to check all hope at this point.

Just about now it is becomming unpleasant to go a-walking in the neighborhood of a tree where a screech-owl family has been growing up. The youngsters are coming out and making their first efforts at flight, and their jealous parents will swoop down at unwitting intruders and "blip them on the head." And for all its small size, the screech-owl swings a wicked wing when it comes to blipping.

—Science News-Letter.

OUR ENLIGHTENED AGE

The suggestion that condemned convicts in Cuba should be used in cancer experiments instead of being executed is being debated with much interest in that country.

LOS ANGELES TENOR SINGS IN CARMEL

Fred Scott, tenor from Los Angeles, sang Sunday night at the Henry F. Dickinson's on the Point. About sixty people were present.

Mr. Scott is that rarity among musicians, a singer who has had his training in his native State. He has a dramatic voice of unlimited volume, ("I've never felt that I've heard all of it" said one critic) and he has exceptional power of throwing himself into the song he is singing.

His program consisted of old Italian and English songs, some Defallas, a beautiful Respigi and several negro Spirituals among them such old favorites as Go Down Moses. He sang La Paloma also, and according to one listener he sang it as a Spaniard. One was sure he had lived in Spain. One Carmel musician of note said of Scott: "Noone has done to me what he has done; he uses art as it should be used, not as an end, but just for the joy of flinging it around." And another remarked: "He has everything that Werrenrath has without his dissipation." The audience was enthusiastic and was rewarded with many encores.

"FRA JUNIPERO SERRA"

The crowning achievement of the Fiesta this year was the pageant drama, "Fray Junipero Serra." Better than ever before, it went off with a smoothness and spirit that showed that Monterey, too, "knows how."

The leading roles were capably held by Francis Hickson as Father Serra, and Charles Kiernan as Gaspar de Portola. Emmet McMenamin did very well as the amusing Sergeant Ortega, while Joe Freitas was dashingly ornamental as Captain of the ship "San Carlos."

The settings were remarkably good; including a little ship that actually moved, giving the audience a real thrill as it sailed into the Carmel bay. One of the most effective bits was the Indian canoe gliding peacefully into the bay, idly chasing its reflection in the moonlit waters, preceding the arival of Portola and his men. The latter parts were taken by the Presidio cavalry in splendid Spanish uniforms; and very impressive they were, as their horses filed silently by.

The last unforgettable scene was the funeral procession of Father Serra into the miniature Mission Carmelo, where monks, Indian braves, soldiers and others joined in reverent admiration for that great missionary and indomitable man, Father Junipero Serra. . .

—Teresa Lockridge.

To eat, in order to have the pleasure of eating.

To starve, in order to have the pleasure of eating.

To starve, in order to have the pleasure of starving.

Philistine, artist of life, poet.

—Peter Altenberg.

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A DAY WITH ELLA YOUNG

(Ella Young is an Irish poetess mythologist and lecturer. She is the author of many books of ancient folk-lore which reveal a richness of understanding and information quite beyond explanation. Many a poet of Ireland, receiving instruction from her concerning mythology, has wondered at the source of her knowledge. Padraic Colum has suggested that perhaps she is an incarnation of some druidess who possesses these myths as a natural heritage from the past. Her latest book is "The Wonder-Smith and his Son." She is at present at work on a new saga).

* * * *

We had planned to start out in the late afternoon and when we came down the hill we found Ella Young supervising a shelf which John Varian was making in her kitchen for her. The house is tiny and covered with vines, and the kitchen is hardly big enough to wield a hammer in; but whether it was that, or the fact that the gods fashioned John Varian to be a poet and not a carpenter, the shelf took some time. It was good that it did, for the day got to the perfect time for walking and it was about four o'clock when we set out for the flower fields.

Ella Young is the fragrance of Ireland. She will read you a story which she has just written, and you will feel the glamour of magical days steal over you. She will read you a poem and the words will become clothed with silks and rare dyes. If she reads one of your own poems to you, you would hardly believe you had written it. Such is her charm.

The way led through an apricot orchard, and then under the great walnut trees where "gracious and beautiful thoughts" come to you if you stand still a moment. Then over the little stream and into a field well-tramped by strange-folk. For there is a soft, fine grass growing in that field and the tall weeds stand and bend their heads all ways like people talking; and as a matter of fact you have hard work to pretend it is just an ordinary field as you walk through.

Then Ella Young stands still a moment and tells about the little fields of Ireland and how you hear the faery-music there, and you don't have to be a psychic to hear it either, but just very close and dear to the Earth.

We came out of the field into the glowing stretches of flowers that make this place look like the carpet of the gods. The larkspur was the first to attract our attention. It made us think of Shelley for some reason, and we said all the treasured poems we remembered, and recounted all we knew about his life and how he used to love to sail little paper boats and never got beyond the golden age of childhood. Even some of his poems were reminiscent of this favorite pastime:

"That thinnest boat
In which the mother of the months is
borne

By ebbing night into her western cave."

The flaming zinnias suggested A E and his paintings. Ella Young told how in his early days he used to draw the most marvellous pastels, and give them away to that brilliant circle of poets and writers which was full of such people as Yeats, Stephens, etc. and where they were so used to genius that they talked in odes and epics. She told how A E would go out with a sketchbook and come back with all sorts of mystical drawings of such beings as never walked on land or sea.

We talked about the Dianthus and how their ragged edges and flat faces scrawled with lines looked like old Chinese Arhats. We talked about the purple petunias and where they got their colour. Ella Young said that the special purple they used was like the rare Tyrian dye that was gathered from murex shells and only used for kings.

The sun got low as we came home, and slanting through the colours, it gave us another angle of beauty; as if the element of fire had been added to all we saw to make it glow from within. A humming-bird sat on the fence and showed us the jewel on his breast, and soon a little cold wind came up and reminded us that we had no food in the house for dinner. So we hurried down to the store and found it closed for the night.

Anyway, bread without butter, and lettuce without dressing are merely details when your heart is filled with poetry and tales of the gods, and your eyes are bright with looking at yellows and purples and scarlets; (but the boys didn't seem to feel that way.)

Some people can create a world of magic and charm wherever they go, and Ella Young is one of them. It seems as if they are overshadowed by the great presences they speak of, as if Angus Og, or Manannaun or Fionn Macuaill and the Fianna might be met round the next corner.

—Dora Hagemeyer.

EVERY CHILD KNOCK-KNEED AT ONE POINT IN LIFE

"Every normal infant is bowlegged and every child becomes progressively knock-kneed," stated Dr. Clifford Sweet, of Oakland, California, to the American Medical Association.

Mothers should not worry about apparent deformities of the child's legs and, above all, force should never be used to correct them as the adult will then be deformed. The development of posture during growth is influenced by many factors, most important of which are, correct nutrition, well fitting clothes and shoes, erect habits of walking, standing and sitting, and muscle training.

—Science Service.

Irishman: Waiter, there's a fly in this soup! Take it away.

Waiter: Oh, sir, that's not a fly. That's a Vitamin B.

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Mr. and Mrs. John S. Ball of Stockton have taken over the management of the Inn

Lunch 50c served from 12 to 1:30
Dinner $1 served from 6 to 7:30
Lunches every day except Sunday
Dinners every day

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Boys and Girls from 2 to 9

Books . . .

THE SCIENCE OF PARENTHOOD

John B. Watson, in Psychological Care of Infant and Child (Norton) writes:

No one today knows enough to raise a child. The world would be considerably better off if we were to stop having children for twenty years (except those reared for experiment purposes) and were then to start again with enough facts to do the job with some degree of skill and accuracy. Parenthood, instead of being an instinctive art, is a science, the derelation to his own daily life seems decidedly remote.

Will you believe the almost astounding truth that no well trained man or woman has ever watched the complete and daily development of a single child from its birth to its third year? Plants and animals we know about because we have studied them, but the human child until very recently has been a mystery. Radium has had more scientific study put upon it in the last fifteen years than has been given to the first three years of infancy since the beginning of time. How can we get the facts on how to rear children unless we make the studies necessary to obtain them. . .

INDUSTRY IN RUSSIA

Stuart Chase, in "Soviet Russia":

In Russia a factory is a landmark; it is pointed out as one points out a castle or a skyscraper in other lands. There are probably more factories in Pennsylvania than in all Russia combined. Over 80 per cent. of Russians are peasants tilling the land, and in off seasons, doing a little industrial handicraftwork. Of those who live in the towns and cities, a large fraction—altogether too large from the standpoint of efficiency—is engaged in the process of detail distribution, tending store and peddling on the streets; another large fraction is concerned with government administration and the usual professional services; a third large fraction carries on building construction and public utility services; leaving as straight factory and industrial shop employees (in establishments having upwards of 30 workers each), not over 3,000,000 persons out of a total population of 150,000,000. In Russia, 2 persons out of 100 work in factories; in the United States about 8 persons in 100— four times as many relatively. We are a highly industrialized nation committed to mass production; Russia is farming country with a factory and a mine here and there, and mass production only in evidence as a goal of the future.

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS

Robert Welles Ritchie's new book is coming out this week. It is a story of the old mining camps and is called "Hell-Roarin' Forty-Niners." Later it will be published in England. Ritchie is an authority on the mining camps of the West, having spent much time traveling around and in them.

* * * *

The First Edition Bookshop reports that it has done a good business this season in the sale of autographed copies of Carmel authors. Among the autographed books the shop stocks are Robinson Jeffers' poems, Lincoln Steffens' "Moses in Red," Dora Hagemeyer's poems, Fremont Older's "My Own Story," Jack Black's "You Can't Win."

CARMEL IN THE MAGAZINES

September "Asia" has a photograph of Albert Rhys Williams on the banks of the Volga with a peasant, and promises an article by him in the October issue. "Mr. Williams is one of the very few writers" says the paper, "who knows the peasant from the peasant's point of view." The Director of the Central Museum of the Peoples of Russia says of Rhys Williams: "Very few even of our Russian writers have traveled so widely and lived under such varying conditions. As a Russian ethnographer, I am compelled to admire the veracity of his description of the peasants, the reproduction of their picturesque language, his power of subtle and intimate observation, the genial humor and good-will that pervades all his writings."

Lincoln Steffens writes on Roosevelt as a Politician in September Plain Talk. This is a chapter from his Autobiography which he is at work on.

James Hopper continues his series of stories of the Congressional Medallists in September McClures.

Vernon Kellogg appeared in July Scribner's.

Ella Winter appears in the American; and has an article in the Manchester Guardian on the sequoias at Yosemite, called "The Ancients of America."

THE EXODUS

Carmel is to lose a number of its inhabitants shortly. Roy MacCullough is leaving the Pine Cone to seek fame and fortune and a newspaper job in the East. Mr. and Mrs. Kent Clark and their two children are moving to the Sir Francis Drake Hotel in San Francisco of which Mr. Clark has been made Manager. Mrs. Marguerite Schuyler is returning to her home in Hollywood. Marcella Burke with her three children, Mary Alice, Pat and Diana is returning to her home in Hollywood, first spending a few days in San Francisco. Edward Kuster is leaving for two years abroad. Mr. and Mrs. Morris Ankrum have gone. Mr. and Mrs. Orage have gone. And Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams are leaving Carmel for the East—for good. For good? Can anyone leave Carmel for good?

When all the summer visitors have left too what shall we do? There will be noone for Mr. Guth to arrest; noone for us to curse in or outside the Post Office; noone to read our papers.

We shall have to sit on the beach and eat abalones.

BOOK SALE——————1-3 OFF
TO MAKE ROOM FOR FALL STOCK

COMMENCING SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER FIRST, 9 A. M.

NO CHARGES
NO EXCHANGES

THE SEVEN ARTS
SEVEN ARTS BUILDING

AT A LECTURE

Question:

Do Pollyannas, polyandry or polygamy
Have anything in common with Philanthropy?
Is a mystic misanthropic, or monogamous?
Are they monads or just nomads or monotonous?

Answer:

Philosophy of "Polyandry" is Philanthropy.
But producing "Pollyannas" kills polygamy.
Many misanthropes are mystic, many monads, nomads be
But when you say monogamous you mean monotony.

The climate of California: Have you ever noticed there are no flies in summer time?

OUR PRIZE PLAYWRIGHT

Modest, slightly dazed, Anne Murray came up from Hollywood last week for the premiere of her play, "Dark Haven" which won the prize in the Theatre Guild Contest. She seemed a bit overcome by the cordiality and affection which she found waiting for her, (there must be truth in all that one hears of the vicissitudes of a playwright) and she seemed to think Carmel incredibly kind to her brain child.

This is not the first play which she has had produced, or accepted. She won a five hundred dollar prize offered last year by the Penn Publishing Company, and she has had plays produced by the Community Players of Pasadena, and the Play Crafters of Los Angeles. The last named is an organization of movie people, enthusiastic amateurs, and artistic folk generally, and has produced several of Anne Murray's one act plays.

It is interesting to know that Miss Murray has been a private secretary for some years, writing plays at night, and working all day. She even did stenography for Edward Kuster at one time but he had not remembered her name. Last year, she decided that she would never get anywhere that way, resigned her position, and settled down to write in hard earnest. She spent last winter in New York, and made several valuable contacts, particularly with Eva Le Gallienne, who has "Dark Haven" under consideration at this moment.

Miss Murray says that "Aunt Lu" was the only character actually drawn from life, although several others of the roles are a compound of people that she has known. She was brought up in New York State, the locale of the play, and has always felt that there must be a play in that district. Finally she went back for a visit, two or three years ago, talked to several of the old residents, and finally wrote "Dark Haven."

She wants to come back to Carmel this fall, take a little cottage, write plays and continue the friendships she made here. Carmel will welcome her, for a deeply sincere, delicately witty hard working person is an addition to our life which we can well use.

GALA PERFORMANCE AT THE GOLDEN BOUGH

Fast, furious, frivolous fun is on tap for the fortunate ones who will attend the gala performance at the Golden Bough Theatre on Aug. 31st, Friday next, to be given by the Theatre Guild of the Golden Bough.

Dance numbers, good music, a frothy farce featuring six of Carmels fairest maidens, and a fashion show embodying the very latest are but a few of the highlights of this remarkable show.

Surprises, certainly, two of them, beside a review of the plays that have been produced in Carmel during the past season.

Under the capable direction of Morris Ankrum and Wendy Green the dramatic end of it will be as good, if not better than ever before.

Mrs. Zara Lee Koepp promises a smothness of progress, while Mrs. Deusner will see that decorations will as good in quality and quantity as the show itself.

Arthur Cyril is directing the affair.

Besides the main event, or events, there will be an exhibit of art in the foyer that will bear at least the customary once over. For those who like badinage with their coffee, there is the Guild, which will distribute both during the evening.

It is not the usual thing to invite a person to go to the dogs, but when one asks him to "The Golden Bow wows" the invitation should be accepted with alacrity. Be there to finish up a very satisfactory, and diverting season of that unique little Theatre—the Golden Bough.

The program as far as arranged is:

Playlet:

"Rehearsal" by Christopher Morley.
Those taking part:
Virginia Rockwell.
Ivy Whitworth
Moira Wallace
Dorothy Cone
Connie Liston
Margaret Wood.

Under the Direction of Morris Ankrum and Wendy Green.

A light number by Hazel Watrous and Peter Friedrichsen.

SEEN ON OCEAN AVENUE

Irene Alexander and Morris Ankrum strolling toward the beach after lunch.

* * * *

George Best with a hat on.

* * * *

George Best sitting down reading a paper (the Carmelite? Could anything else keep him still?)

* * * *

Janie Johnston with her hair washed, waved, and glistening in the sunlight. (Yes, we said sun).

Marcella Burke riding horseback with Col. Baer of the Presidio.

* * * *

Jimmie Hopper without a bathing suit (in the afternoon).

* * * *

Doc Staniford not talking to anyone.

* * * *

Traffic Officer Guth joking with two boys driving all over the road at once.

* * * *

Kissam Johnson not getting news.

* * * *

George Seideneck and David Alberto deciding what art is on the sidewalk.

* * * *

Mr. Nixon telling Gus that his horse is breaking the traffic regulations.

* * * *

Robinson Jeffers off the reservation.

* * * *

Perry Newberry recognizing somebody.

* * * *

Jack Belvail inspecting his dahlias.

* * * *

Mrs. Payne directing her gardener outside the patio.

* * * *

Jose grinning (in a new brown derby).

* * * *

Out of town visitors looking at other out of town visitors and thinking how queer these Carmelites are.

* * * *

Daisy Bostick refusing to give directions to Aimee Semple MacPherson's house.

* * * *

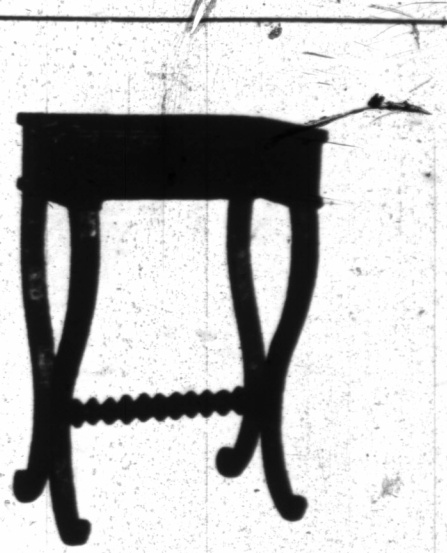
Lincoln Steffens not raking the walks of The Get-away.

* * * *

Mrs. Jeffers not in a hurry.

* * * *

Virginia Tooker in red socks and a girl's dress.



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Deep Thoughts

WHAT THEY SAY TO ORAGE

Wouldn't it be awful to be sensible all the time?

Try it.

* * * *

What you are talking about is the soul then?

I do not know.

Then it is God?

Still less do I know.

* * * *

D'you mean that one shouldn't enjoy a picture?

Not if you really enjoy it.

* * * *

Are we, then, to have no illusions?

No.

* * * *

Do you mean to say that one should be conscious when, for example, a child is drowning and one is rushing to its rescue?

Then most of all. The merely emotional people dash in in an emergency confuse things and hinder the aid.

* * * *

Isn't the art of the artist worth all his monstrosity?

I would rather have no pearl than a diseased oyster.

* * * *

You mean we cannot control our destiny?

No.

* * * *

Is there to be no hope?

No.

ERRATA

IN LAST WEEK'S ISSUE

After much discussion in the office it was decided that Mr. Orage's initials were A. E. Orage. But they aren't. They are A. R. Orage and stand for Alfred Richard. Please do not forget again.

Page Two: the two groups of three should read:

Personality — Individuality.
Wish — Will.
Thought — Consciousness.

Page Three: In the article "Found Out" the proper names were misspelled in the original but the spelling was corrected by our conscientious printer.

Page Three: It is the Book Club of San Francisco, not the Book Lovers' Club.

Page Eight: Sixth Peter's Paragraph: For "Who" read "Why."

Page Nine: Ansell Adams should read Ansel Adams.

Page Fourteen: Sixth epigram of Orage should read: "There is a difference between "I" and "A. R. Orage."

CLASSIFIED ADS

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Mrs. Ethel Stevens accepts violin students at her cottage Fifth and Santa Fe, telephone 526.

WANTED: A small used car. Telephone 593-W or 77.

BY THE WAY

"Some insects fly only once in their short life-time, in connection with mating" reads a science note.

Like humans.

* * * *

Irate wife: "As far as I can see, you're hopeless."

Ditto husband: "And I can see further than that."

* * * *

We read in the Brisbane column in The Hearst newspapers that the Reo Motor Car Company sent out ten tons of advertising by air mail. We got one of them. Did you?

"The Play's the Thing"

but after the play

THE GOSSIP

In the Court of The Golden Bough, or looking seaward from the gallery.
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enhances even beauty

Luncheon, Tea and Dinner. From 11:00 a. m. to 1:00 a. m.

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